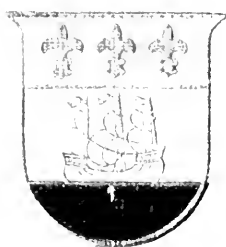


TO-DAY AND
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IN
NEW ROCHELLE



G · J · PETTIT

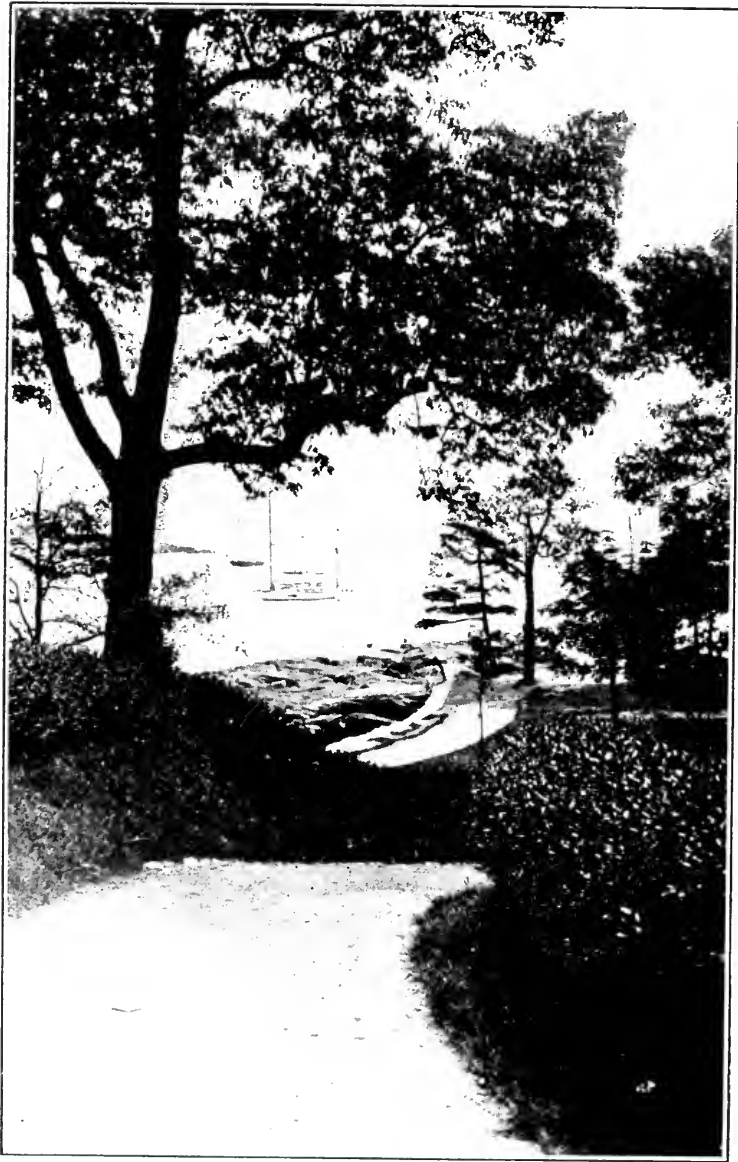


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A VIEW OF THE BAY FROM HUDSON PARK

Today and Yesterday in New Rochelle

BY
GAYLORD JOEL PETTIT



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My sincere thanks are due

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FOREWORD.

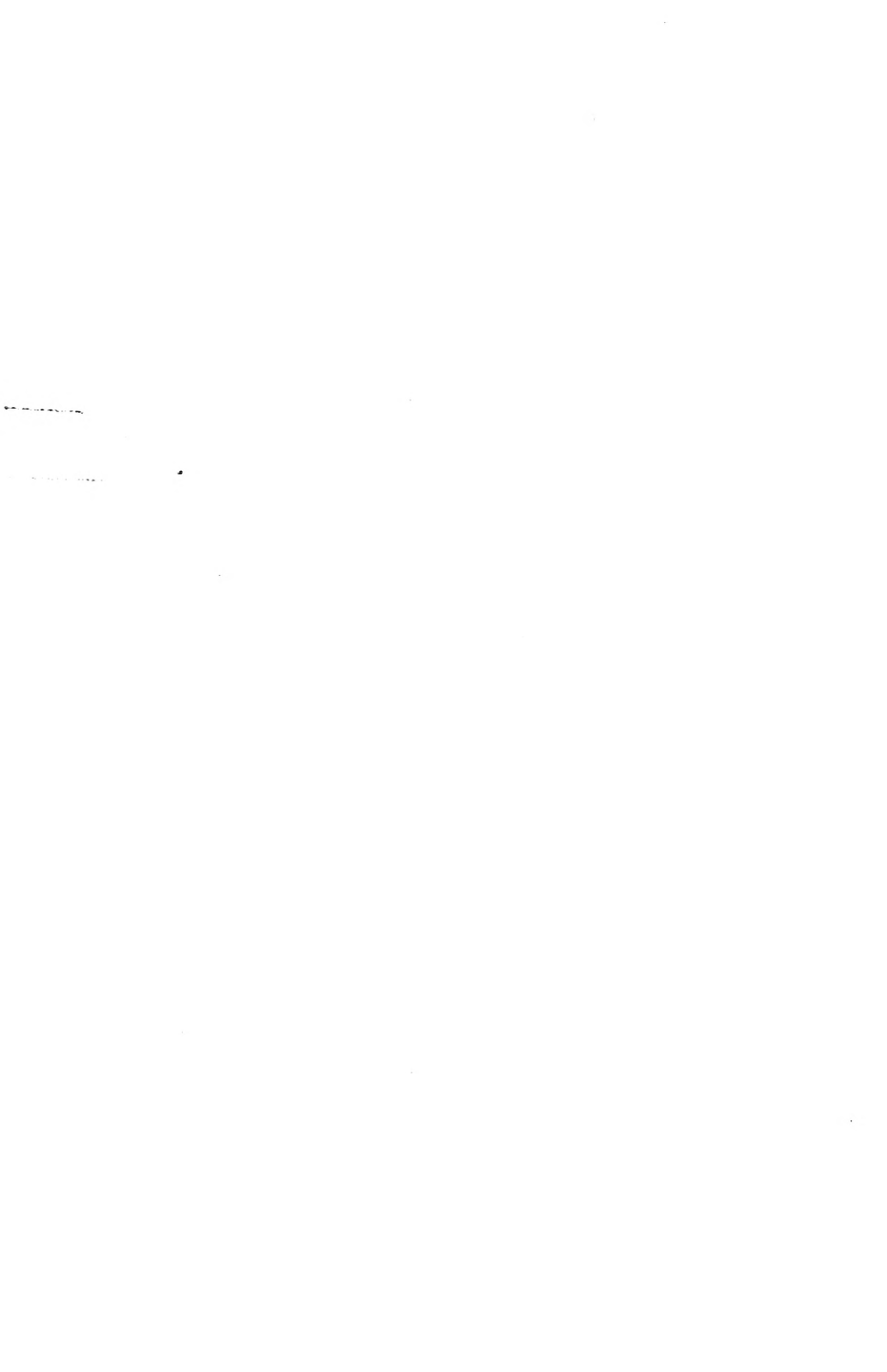
It is hoped that this little volume of essays will tend to draw the thoughts of those who read them, to some things that are higher and nobler than the material things about which so many spend their time to-day.

To thoughts of Love and Sympathy, and to the contemplation of Beauty, whether we see the shimmer of her hair in the gold-dust of the sunbeams, or the blue of her eyes in the sky, or the ruby of her lips in the sunset, or the whiteness of her hand in the fleecy clouds, for, after all, of these things is the "Joy of Life."

GAYLORD JOEL PETTIT.

New Rochelle, New York,

April 15, 1913.



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View of Bay from Hudson Park
(*Frontispiece*)

North Avenue Presbyterian Church

The High School

The Church of St. Gabriels

Trinity Church

Bonnefoi Point

Tom Paine's House

TODAY AND YESTERDAY IN NEW ROCHELLE

I

FACTS REGARDING GENERAL WASHINGTON.

I will not tell a lie, neither would Uncle George, but he really couldn't. I can, but I won't. Uncle George came to New Rochelle because he wanted to. He landed on Long Island first, but the mosquitoes were very thick there, and constantly annoying him, the ground was low and marshy and the fogs were so thick and heavy that the soldiers of the American army cut slices of them to fry with the bacon they had for breakfast. In fact the slices of fog were sometimes all they had to fry for breakfast. The aforesaid mosquitoes were armed with sharp bills and they were of a peculiar color, so peculiar that they were often called "redcoats." Taking all

these facts into consideration, Uncle George made up his mind to leave the vicinity, and so he crossed over the East river, one foggy night, with his entire army, neglecting to inform the "red coats" of his change of locality. The isle of Manhattan also proved to be unhealthy at that time, and calling to mind the fact that the prices of the necessities of life were lower in the country, and knowing that his old friend, Abe Sicard, had a house above the Harlem river, he, after having had "a hot time in New York," came to New Rochelle. Now Abe's house was small and Uncle George was large, consequently he passed most of his time outdoors under the trees. His stay, however, was but short, for he had urgent business to transact at White Plains. So much by way of history. The old house occupied by the Father of his Country still stands, but it is not in good repair. Instead of fixing up the place and making it hallowed ground, instead of being able to put up signs saying "Keep off the grass," we can only put up signs saying Jonathan Lightening,

Electrician and Hiram Biffler, Contractor and Builder. Where the Father of the Country sat and softly swore at the dust kicked up by the horses as they marched past, I sat and loudly complained at the dust swirled up by the automobiles as they went by every 10 seconds at the rate of 3 miles a minute. In Newburgh-on-the-Hudson a great many pains are taken to keep Washington's Headquarters in repair, while in New Rochelle, it gives travellers a great many pains to see how the Headquarters are allowed to silently fall to ruin. How those walls could talk if they had the power of speech. They would tell of cold and hunger endured by the soldiers, of rain and fog, of midnight councils and fireless cooks, instead of fireless cookers, of ill trained soldiers and masterly retreats. Oh, nobody worked like Father George to keep the army together and to save the Country. And yet, we who ought to be glad to do what little we can to beautify the ground made sacred by the tread of these great ones of the revolution, we have forgotten.

No, not forgotten, but neglected, to do that which we ought. "Lest we forget." Ah, Rudyard, what happy chance caused those words to flow from thy pen! I love to see old landmarks kept in mind. In these days of hurry and worry, of dollars and dubbs, we are apt to forget Washington, Irving, Paine and Jefferson, and the other worthies who made living in this great country possible for us. The hills and dales of Westchester county have echoed and re-echoed the footsteps of great men of the 18th century, and grate men men of the 20th century. While the footsteps of the red man did not give rise to a great many echoes, as he carried his belt of wampum over the King's Highway, the sputter of the cut out on the gasolene push wagon echoes and re-echoes until the sound is carried across the Sound, and T. R. moves uneasily in his sleep and dreams of the steam roller. The world does really need more kindness, as our friend Hubbard says, but it also needs more sentiment. Let us pause occasionally and look back to the time when

great men lived here, whose courage was undoubted and whose lives were offered up as living sacrifices upon the altars of their country. When men thought more of honor than of money and women thought more of virtue than of votes.

II

NORTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

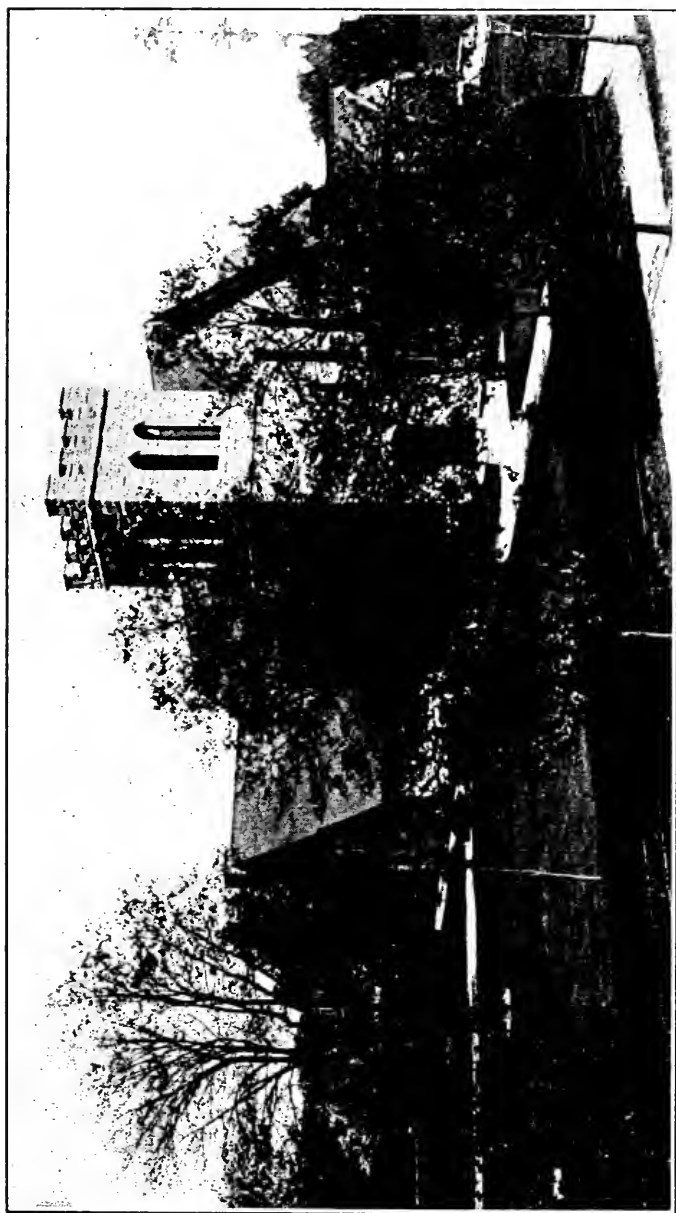
It is a fact that beauty is a great asset. It is so much so, that it is a duty incumbent upon us to make ourselves attractive in a reasonable way. It is a duty of womankind, especially, to employ all the legitimate means possible, to make themselves pleasing to the eye; and if this is so, how much more is it incumbent upon us to beautify the surroundings of those places where we gather on the Sabbath Day, to listen to the teachings of that most beautiful collection of literary jewels, "The Gospel of Christ."

Happy, indeed, are the people who possess a church both beautiful in form and beautiful in surroundings; but thrice blessed are they when the atmosphere of love surrounds and envelops all.

The word "Welcome" on a church door produces the same effect upon the passing stranger, that the sign of the American consul does when he sees it in a foreign country.

It quickens his heart beats and he hastens to enter, for there he feels he can get news of home; he can tell his troubles and, if necessary, receive assistance.

And so, let us pass the portals of the church of John Calvin, hoping that we may be cheered and refreshed by so doing. John Calvin we are told was a stern man, yet, let us hope that under that outer shell he was as kindly as those men of Scottish blood who took up and followed his teachings for so many, many years. They, too, were often austere and forbidding in appearance; still, under the crust, so to speak, their hearts throbbed warm and tender. And so, as we sit in the pews waiting for the services to begin, a hush falls upon us all, a feeling of awe, a feeling of expectancy, a feeling as if we should do as Moses did, "put off our



NORTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

shoes from our feet, for the place in which we are seems holy." We feel as if almost at any moment we might hear the rush of wings, and when the quiet tones of the organ begin to steal through our senses we realize, indeed, that the Spirit of God is here. And somehow, as I sit and listen, the Spirit of him who wrote, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," seems to come and sit beside me, and I feel as though the minister should begin the service by saying, "Let us worship God." And then when the music dies upon the air and the sermon begins, the Spirit beside me seems to warm and brighten the atmosphere around us, and the same kindly sympathy that made its home in the heart of Burns, seems to pervade and take possession of the hearts of all the congregation.

It is not at all infrequent either, to observe in the sermon a sparkle of humor like that with which Robert Burns was blessed; and when at the time of one of those sentences in lighter vein, I see a tiny spider on the pew in front of me I almost expect the unforeseen com-

panion beside me to say, "Ha! whare ye gaun ye crawlin' ferlie?" Burns was, and is yet loved by the Scottish people, mostly, because he was very human, and because each of his admirers knew that he was cut from the same kind of cloth they were, although, perhaps, from a coarser weave than some.

The same fibres run through us all and though we try to gloss over our natural tastes and desires, it is only a mere gloss after all, so "Gently scan your brother man." No great blame can be attached to the memory of the man who wrote, "The Mountain Daisy," and as Time goes on we appreciate more and more the tender nature of the poet. Sorrow was often the companion of Burns and we know that after the acuteness of grief has passed, sorrow sometimes leaves a sweetness that pleasure cannot give, and that sweetness Robert Burns had.

And so as the spirit of the beloved poet and I sit and listen to the words, "Lay not up your treasures upon earth," I resolve to live better and to do better and to lay up, not

gold and silver, but love, kindness, sympathy, and pity, that they may be my treasures in a world where moth and rust do not corrupt. And as I think how many, many times I have failed "to make good," as the modern phrase goes, the spirit beside me whispers,

"Who made the heart 'tis He alone

Decidedly can try us,"

and as I listen to the closing words of the sermon I know that the speaker thinks as I do, that the "Greatest Thing in the World is Love," and that its home is not in the head, but in the heart of man. Thousands of years ago one of the wise men of the East knew he was right when he said, "Keep well thy heart above all that thou guardest for out of it are the issues of life."

III

SAINT JOHN'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

St. John's Church certainly produces a remarkable effect upon the passer by. As you go eastward upon Main street it bursts suddenly upon the view from behind some other tall buildings and it seems to say from its commanding position, "Attention, friend, go quietly, here is a Church of God!" The beauty of its architecture and the peculiar color of the material of which it is built, both add to the harmony of the scene, and especially in the summer when the lawn is so green and the trees around it are in full leaf. The unbroken harmony of the whole would agree well, no doubt, with the artistic ideas of one of the great founders of the M. E. Church. When I was a small boy my father, although not at that time a member of any church,

insisted upon the whole family going regularly to Divine worship, and the fact that his parents were regular attendants at the M. E. Church influenced him to select that church as the object of our Sunday journeys. There were four of us boys in the family, and it was generally arranged for a boy to enter the pew first, then mother, next two more boys, then father, and lastly, the other boy. It was a matter of considerable rivalry as to which one should sit at the end of the pew, and I have been told that the neighboring pew-holders were never at a loss for amusement no matter how dry the sermon.

That which impresses me most, in this church, is its active militantism. There is that spirit of triumphant enthusiasm which admits of no doubt, no hesitancy, no opposition. You are going to be saved, if you are willing, all right; if not, you are going to be anyway. Those of you who have read that good old book, "The Circuit Rider," will understand what I mean. Charles Wesley was a noted musician and the religion he insti-

tuted is, perhaps, like his music a living, breathing composition of warm throbbing human feeling, capable of overcoming all obstacles around it.

His church impresses one as a place where warm, active, throbbing life can find its opportunity to lift its attendants to higher planes, to carry them, may be in spite of themselves, to heights of Love and Beauty.

A warm heart, a poetic spirit and a beautiful sense of music were natural to Charles Wesley, and this his church should never forget. Music is the rose in the garden of the soul. Like that beautiful flower it buds and blossoms and blossoming lays its heart bare to its beloved. Its perfume rises, rises, always rises, until, like a cloud of incense, it floats about the feet of the Creator of Love and Beauty. So in the M. E. Church the soul of Charles Wesley, the poet, the musician, shall carry ever onward, ever upward, the church that was brought into being by him. Like a billow of beautiful music, it shall go rolling onward and upward until it shall burst upon the shore

of Eternity at the feet of the Great Creator. Those who love music possess a greater delicacy, a more subtle refinement and a truer sense of harmony than those who do not. God pity those who do not understand it at all.

In a quiet churchyard in this State, lie the bodies of my paternal grandfather and grandmother, my father and mother and one brother. With patience they await the time when the other boys shall join them in their earthly resting place. The sun warms the earth above them and in the summertime the green grass forms their coverlid. The happy birds make music in the trees around them and the blue sky forms their poetic canopy. There they await the rewards due to long lives of loving work in the church of their choice; a church of orderliness, of method and of live works. May God in his great mercy bless their spirits and ever look with loving care upon the church which meant so much to them.

IV

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

A good many of the residents of New Rochelle do not know just where this church is located, and a good many who have heard of its location do not know just how to find it. To such, I will point out the way.

Most people in the city know where the beautiful Mayflower school house is, at the corner of North avenue and Mayflower avenue. The "Mayflower," like a great castle, stands facing North avenue, guarded, in front by four great maple trees. Three of the trees are arranged like a troop of soldiers in echelon, facing North avenue, their captain, the fourth tree, standing in front of them. Across the street from the south end of the school building embowered in the verdure of many trees, like a diamond set with emeralds, and nearly out of sight from North avenue, is St. Paul's Church.

It is certain that the size of a man does not always count in proportion to his achievements, for oftentimes men, who are small and mean in appearance, accomplish great results. I am particularly reminded of this when I attend church at St. Paul's, for Paul himself was said to have been small in stature, afflicted with some physical deformity, and not pleasant to look at from the standpoint of beauty. No man, however, has accomplished more than St. Paul and many great churches have been built to his name. Tender and sympathetic, he yet would brook no interference with his religious teachings, and we all feel that his judgment was perfect. Many great and lasting results are due to small beginnings and I have no doubt that a great parish will be built up around the St. Paul's Church to be, in New Rochelle, for a high and lofty eminence has been acquired upon which a beautiful edifice is shortly to be built just south of the present church.

I sometimes think it would be better to build churches in the valleys rather than on

high hills, for it is sometimes hard for sinners to climb up hill, but it is easy for them to go down hill, and if any member of a household should not feel like exerting himself to go to church, he would only have to travel to the edge of the valley and roll to the bottom. A good hard push from some interested party might often add to the attendance at church. It would be easier to get to church and harder to get away from it.

But seriously, we all feel better for going to church. Religions may change, but the God's do not and it never hurts anyone to be told to do right, even if they do not follow the teaching. Pure air leads to pure bodies, and pure bodies to pure minds, and with a great and beautiful church on the top of the mountain with a wise and gentle shepherd for the flock, "a church whose windows are open to the west, towards Jerusalem," it is beyond all question, in this instance, that great results will follow small beginnings.

If we only have faith not only shall moun-

tains be moved to the sea, but great churches shall appear on the tops of the mountains.

St. Paul, you remember, had a great deal to say about faith, hope and charity. But what is faith? It is a loving trust in the Father of all mankind like the trust of a little child in the goodness of its earthly father. And hope? Hope is that Divine spark which carries us ever onward and upward to the end of life, doubting not that all will sometime, somehow, somewhere, be well. And charity? Ah, charity is the pity and sympathy one soul has for another in the Battle of Life. Charity is kindness and suffereth long. "Faith, Hope and Charity these three, but the greatest of these is Charity."

V

STRAY THOUGHTS OF ECHO BAY.

An echo is something which comes back to us from other shores, is it not? And thoughts, are they not mental echoes that come back to us from other worlds, enlarged and beautified? So as I sit on the shore of Echo Bay, with its two portals which we may call Love and Beauty, through which pass out to other climes and other shores those who sail out into the Great Future, many thoughts come to me. Long, long ago, one of my ancestors went out through the open door of Echo Bay never to return. He was one of these hardy mariners "who go down to the sea in ships," but the sea, never satisfied, always craving new victims, swallowed him up and his wife and child never heard of him again.

What a great picture could be painted of

Echo Bay with its blue waters and rocky shores, its green lawns and shady trees. But where is the artist that can do it justice? Hour after hour I can sit and watch the white sails flit out and in and in and out. The white sails and the blue water. The white the symbol of Purity and the blue the symbol of Truth. And how graceful the sails skim out and in and in and out, while I sit just within the portals of the harbor door and watch the larger boats pass by, going to and from the great city just a little farther on. And I wonder where those are from that are going to that city, and to where those are going that are coming from it, and what they all carry, and how goes it with their human freight. Some are travelling towards happiness and some towards sorrow. Some are in danger and some in fear; and all the time I am thinking these thoughts, the white sails flit in and out, out and in between the portals. And the white clouds sail across the blue sky just as the white sails skim over the blue water.

The portals, Love and Beauty, bar none, but welcome all who come, giving freely of their care and protection. And as I think of the beauty of the scene, I am carried upward, in thought, to the portals of that greater harbor of the unseen world. To the blue and the white, the true and the pure, and I see, in spirit, the souls flitting to their eternal harbor. Some have passed through sorrow and some through shame; some have fought and won and some have been beaten in the Battle of Life. Yet all come. Some are only tiny little craft who have sailed only a little way; others have come from far, after long and stormy voyages. Some have lost the whiteness of the sails they started out with, yet all come to have the Great Captain judge of their seamanship. Beautiful Echo Bay! Does she not give all who enter a chance to refit? A chance to put on new spars and new ropes? A chance to bend new white sails where old ones are torn and soiled? And can they not cover up the scars on the hulls with fresh white paint? And the Great Captain! Will He not allow

his wayward and tempest-tossed children to refit and be dressed again in the white of Purity and the blue of Truth?

But my thoughts again return to material things and I see the white sails still flitting in and out and out and in. But while I gaze and think these rambling thoughts, the warder hauls down the flag, the sun sinks slowly behind the trees and from far across the water comes the boom of the sunset gun at Fort Slocum.

The blue and the white of Earth and sky fade away, and though Beauty is lost in the dusk of evening, Love lights the lamps of the harbor and prepares to watch through the night over the bobbing boats, just as the Great Captain lights the lamps in the sky and watches over his restless human souls.

VI

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

It is strange how many excuses can be made for not going to church, especially in warm weather. We often hear some one say, "Oh, I'm too tired to go to church this morning," or, "This is the only morning I can sleep as long as I want to," or, "I was up late last night and I have not had enough sleep," or, "It will be so hot in church to-day," or, "I want to go to Rye Beach." How easy it is to think these things, or to say them, or to manufacture some other flimsy pretext. Never yet have I overcome any of them without being glad of it. Never yet have I gone to church without feeling better for it. I enjoy hearing a good sermon and I love to hear good music. Maybe I am predestined to go to church, even if I am not predestined to go where churches are no more needed. So when

a few friends and myself went to the "First Church," as it is sometimes spoken of, we were richly rewarded for going.

The First Presbyterian Church stands almost covered with ivy, at the "parting of the ways." To the right, as you stand facing the church, is Main street, the direct road. To the left Huguenot street somewhat deviating in its direction. And as the church stands at the fork of the earthly roads, so stands conscience at the parting of the ways of Life, pointing out the direct and indirect paths which lead to another existence. As on the streets of our beautiful city mistakes are made in choosing the way, so in the "Journey of Life" some take the wrong road. It may be owing to the darkness of the night, it may be that the ear does not hear the directions aright; it may be there is too much haste, or, what are thought to be unsurmountable obstacles, are in the way. But whatever the reason I am loath to believe that any, who do go the wrong way, do so deliberately. I do not believe that any, knowing of the pitfalls

existing there, intentionally choose the wrong way. We mistake the signals, we fail to see or hear aright, but we do not willingly choose the wrong way, knowing the rough places which abound in it.

So here stands this picturesque old church, covered with ivy, at the "parting of the ways," and the ivy clings lovingly and tenderly to its mate, covering up the stains of Time, filling up depressions and smoothing over rough spots, and trying, in its modest way, to shelter and protect its partner from the rude winds and severe storms that sometimes threaten it. So very much like a tender, faithful wife, clinging to her coarser husband through all the storms of life, and though depending upon him for support and the ability to stand upright, yet striving to shield him from the little worries and irritations of life and the rude assaults of his enemies, for she, if he falls, must go down with him. And if his ruin is complete, yet she covers up the ruins with the mantle of charity, just as the ivy with its leaves of green covers over the ruins of the

material building when the storms have done their worst. And as the ivy clings to the "First Church," so its congregation clings to the Redeemer. Through storms and sunshine, through evil and good report, still the members hold to their faith. 1688—1788—1888—1912 still they are found at their post. Is it not a proud record? And yet there is a note of sadness in this chord of exultation, for the people and their pastor have also arrived at the "parting of the ways." The outcome rests with Him who has watched over their united efforts for so many years. Though the blessings of God may be divided, yet we feel that each is predestined to receive a share.

I love to think that we are all predestined to come at last to a place where we shall be happy. We may be predestined to trouble as long as we travel in the wrong road, but if we sometime get on the right path, will we not then be predestined to happiness? Just as Main street and Huguenot street separate where the church stands, and one goes direct while the other rambles a bit, yet it comes

back after a while to the straight way. So he who picks out the wrong road travels farther than the one who picks out the right one, and he travels over a rougher road, yet he, too, after much tribulation may come at last to the same place, purified and chastened by sorrow. It is better to travel on the right road. It is better to walk the straight and narrow path than to ramble along over rough roads where tender feet may be bruised and where loving hearts may be broken. It is better, is it not, to listen to the voice of conscience and be good and true, than to do wrong and be untrue to ourselves and others. And so the congregation of this ivy covered church, and its pastor, and I, put our trust in the wisdom of the sentence upon the glass in a window of the church, "I have yet to see the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread."

VII

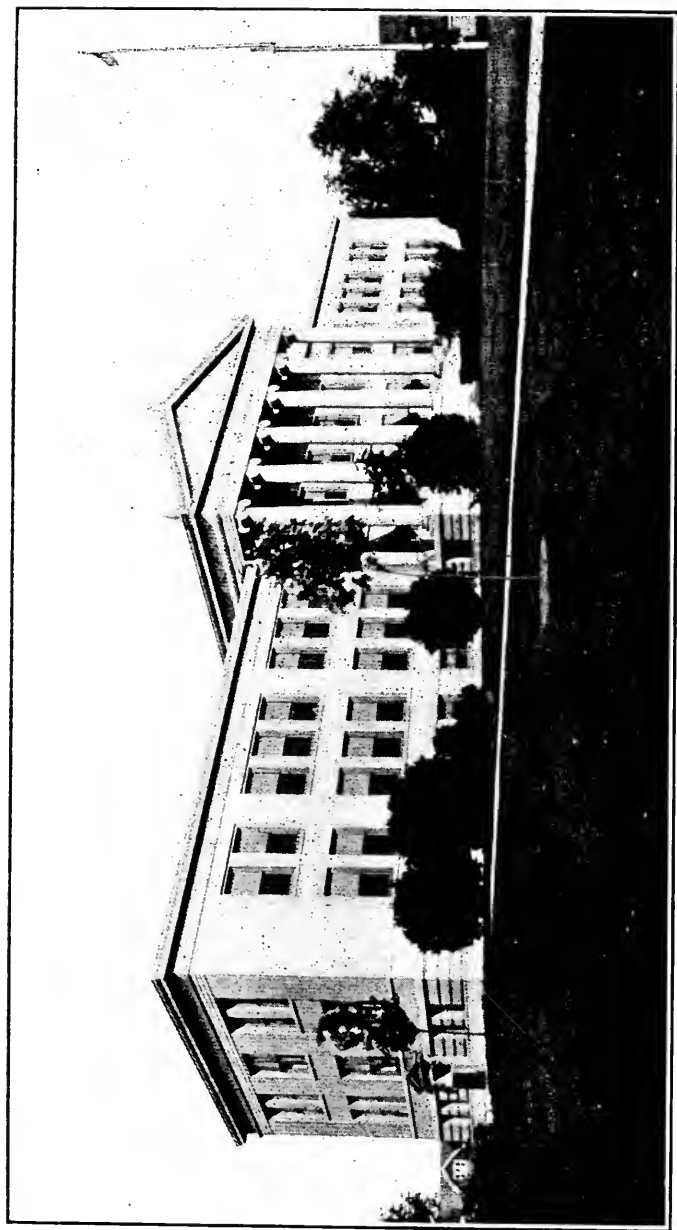
THE HIGH SCHOOL.

Do you know, it is a fact that some people impress me as being larger than they really are, and there are some who impress me as being smaller than they really are. Also I am sure, that this peculiarity is not confined to people alone, for there are certain buildings which do the same thing.

The High School building always looks higher and wider to me than it really is, perhaps owing to the style of architecture. It is an edifice of which we all should be very proud, for does it not belong to us all? Every one of the residents of this city should draw from it more or less knowledge and inspiration, either directly or indirectly. And as I stand and look at it, a vision of the teachings of 2,000 years ago comes to me, and I seem to see a little man of shabby appearance, toil-

ing painfully along the road leading from the Piraeus to Athens. On every side he sees signs of profound learning and many temples for the worship of the Gods, even to an altar erected for the worship of "The Unknown God." And as he nears the great city, there stands ever in view and gradually appearing greater a hill, upon which glistens in the sunlight, the Acropolis.

Then the vision fades away, and I notice how our High School building suggests the thought of that great piece of work, with its flight of steps and its great pillars. And we have placed above our building the eagle, that noble bird emblematical of freedom of living and freedom of thought. The eagle stands with wings partly spread, alert and expectant, in the attitude a young man might take when some great and overpowering thought burst suddenly on his mind. And as I gaze, again the vision comes, and I see a great teacher sitting on the porch of the Acropolis with his listeners, men of all ages, sitting at his feet upon the steps below him, and drinking greed-



THE HIGH SCHOOL

ily in the ideas he imparts to them, most of which he has learned in the hard school of experience.

And as I listen I seem to hear him say, "Knowledge is power, and with it almost anything can be done. We must have knowledge in order to get our living, and the main purpose of all learning is to teach us how to get the necessities of life honestly, that we may eat, and drink, and be clothed. And secondarily we need it to teach us how to use these things for our best advantage, that we may be happy and propagate our species.

But first we must lay a foundation, and the greatest foundation for all knowledge is knowledge of self. Know thyself. Be sure to be honest with yourself and then do not try to be false to any one. If, then, you appear greater than you really are, it is your fortune; if you appear smaller than you really are, it is only your misfortune. Yet, beware, lest knowledge seduce you into believing that it is of more account than it really is, for over some things knowledge has no power. Some-

times the more of it you have, the more trouble you will have, and it has been said that "Much knowledge is a weariness of the flesh." We have many institutions of learning and many beautiful temples in which to worship the Gods."

And then, as the teacher ceased, the traveller who had entered the group some time before, and who had been quietly listening, arose and as he arose he seemed to be much larger than he really was, and a peculiar brightness seemed to shine forth from his face as he said, "But teacher, 'God dwelleth not in temples made with hands.' It may be well for us to have a certain amount of learning, but knowledge alone is cold, and as for material things "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and then all these shall be added unto you." To knowledge of self, and its wants, must be added knowledge of the wants of others, and to cold learning must be added warm, vivifying love, for over love knowledge has no power, and love really rules the world. Knowledge alone cannot satisfy the

cravings of the human heart, it may poison the soul, and it may bring to the hemlock its most devoted followers, even yourself. Love alone has power to save."

Again the vision fades and I see before me only the handsome structure called the High School. I am glad, very glad we have such a building and such a school. There, may all the branches of justice be taught to our children, at the same time teaching them that Mercy is greater than Law. Let us teach them all schools of medicine, but let it be known that it is Nature that does the healing. Let us teach them the theology of all denominations, remembering that the heart of theology is Christianity. Let them be taught all the ways of commerce, but warn them that God rules the wind and the waves and that, "In Him we live, and move, and have our being."

VIII

SALEM BAPTIST CHURCH.

One Sunday, not so very long ago, a few of us congenial spirits decided to attend Divine Worship at the Salem Baptist Church, and as we walked along Main street we came to the corner where the church stands waiting.

I say waiting, because it seems to be so very inviting. It is not alone the beauty of its architecture, but the convenience of its plan as well, that is noticeable. The steps come right down to the angle of the sidewalk as if to meet you and the Spirit of the Church seems to say, "Come right in, you see we have brought the steps down where it will be easy for you to enter. Our church has been built with a view to your comfort and ease. Come in and let us show you a pew."

Sure enough we were shown some good seats and I know I gave a sigh of content-

ment, for the seat and the cushion seemed to be just right and I leaned back with considerable satisfaction while I listened to the sweet strains of the organ. The sermon was about shellfishness, or selfishness, much the same thing, in a way, and it rubbed a little on my conscience here and there, but I shall probably not remember that part of it very long, more's the pity. Surely St. John the Baptist was a great genius. He was so occupied with the seriousness of his work that he let his hair and beard grow long and neglected some other arts so dear to the privileged classes. But he knew that to see any particular political or religious situation clearly, it is necessary to withdraw from its immediate vicinity and go to a distance, where there is solitude and silence. So he went to the Great Silence of the desert where the sun shows its terrific power by day and the moon and stars their great beauty by night. There his mind was freed of all other thoughts that the ideas of the Great Intelligence might come and dwell with him. There are some men of genius who

tower head and shoulders above their fellow-men, who tower above all man made laws, who look only to the Great Father for their guidance and whose only mother is Nature herself. Such a man was John the Baptist, and from the lessons of the desert he drew the thoughts from which his teachings were formed. He himself wanted nothing, therefore he depended on no man for anything and this made him absolutely fearless.

I think it is Elbert Hubbard who speaks of the Great Intelligence, and of its being attainable to all men who put themselves in a position to receive knowledge. It is certain that, to the man who does not want to learn, no knowledge will come. Elbert Hubbard would make an ideal prophet. He wears the long hair and the simple dress, and he has the ability to see our faults and the wit to make his criticisms sink in like the sting of the bee. He is also able to gather his share of the locusts. But how about the wild honey? No one enjoys reading Elbert Hubbard's writings more than I do and yet, I feel that there

is something missing from them. I find the locusts and the bees, but the sweet honey of Christian kindness, that delicacy that would not willingly wound a living soul, how about that?

I cannot help but think that sometime Elbert will change a little in his ideas. It has always seemed to me as if something like the following conversation took place when Col. Ingersoll arrived at the Pearly Gates, for I have no doubt whatever that he did arrive there. "Robert, we are glad to see you. We know that you never meant any harm. We know that your great, big, honest heart, was right. It was all a mistake, wasn't it, Bob, my boy? Come in and have a chair." And when Elbert arrives I imagine there will be something said like this, "Elbert, you did not expect a big reception like this, did you? You did not think we were really here and glad to see you. Come in we want you. Take a chair just a little behind Bishop Goodkind, there. You have worked hard, Bert, and need a rest. Your heart is just a little behind your

head in growth and we want you to give it a chance to catch up. No man has a finer intellect, or one more penetrating than you, but your heart, my son, must be coaxed up a little. Stay here for a thousand years, and then we want you to go out again, and then these little things that have troubled you will have disappeared, and you will have forgotten the small, mean things of life, and will only write about the good things, which alone are worthy of you. Sit down and rest awhile, Bert, and try again bye and bye."

John the Baptist's words, two thousand years ago rang like a trumpet through Palestine and awoke the people from a hypnotic dream of sin and shame and using, as a means of impressing the fact of their repentance upon them forever, the baptism by immersion, he showed us all that a great shock to the physical system is sometimes necessary to put us to rights spiritually. If necessary let us use the most effective way of teaching, let us work hard while the day lasts and get together as many measures of locusts as we may wish,

but in all this may we never forget that Christian gentleness, which in our dealings with others, adds so much to the wild honey of life.

IX

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT CHURCH.

Do you know last Sunday I went back home to visit Mother Church. And Mother received me with a smile of welcome, just as she always does.

Though she grows older, She looses none of Her good looks, and Her beauty and sweetness and charm grow greater, if anything, as the years fly by. Though She has raised a large family of children, some of whom have repudiated Her, some of whom have been only on speaking terms with Her for a long, long time, yet Mother is just as forgiving and just as kind to them as She is to her obedient ones. Have they been naughty? If they confess, Mother overlooks their faults. Are they felons? She forgives and forgets and gives them a helping hand when they reform and take up anew the duties of life. Have they

taken human life? Yet She prays for them, and as She took part in their life, so She remains with them until death. And above all and through all She punishes not, but prays, leaving them to the tender mercies of a just God who alone knows the secrets of each human heart.

And so when I attended worship at "The Blessed Sacrament," I felt like a son who had taken advantage of a holiday to go back home to see his mother. The Church itself, with its delicacy of architecture and its spire ever pointing upward, stands like a beautiful woman dressed in white lace and jewels with her finger pointing toward heaven. The interior is not less beautiful than the exterior, the white marble altar representing the heart of a woman, pure and true, and the lighted tapers are emblematical of the fires of Love, eternally burning. For me, the church had no reproaches but only a charming smile, which seemed to say, "My son, never forget that, like your earthly mother who always welcomed you, I stand waiting and hoping until

death. Have you neglected me? Come. Have you injured me? Come. Have you injured others? Come. Have you been untrue to yourself? Yet come. It is my part not to punish, but to pray."

Dear Mother Church, who for a thousand years and more, was the only Christian Church, and to which those old Crusaders, those Great Templars belonged. Those men who swore to protect the innocent, the destitute, the helpless, and the Christian religion. To such men a part of anything will not suffice. Whether of sweet or bitter, the cup must be drained to the dregs, and to such the Roman Catholic Church offers all there is of religion. To its followers, it is their all. To Her they bring all their joys and sorrows. She officiates over their birth, accompanies them through life and death, and prays for them after they have gone from Earth. And for this She asks only their complete trust; that they be humble and obedient. Years ago, on the morning I started for medical college, I was walking up Lexington avenue

in New York City, when my attention was attracted by something on the sidewalk. I picked up the object and found it to be a girl's rosary which had been blessed at a Mission. I took it for a good omen and it has ever since been one of my most cherished possessions.

The Roman Catholic Church officially recognizes women and first of all The Virgin, so it is pre-eminently the religion of the female sex. And are not all of our hopes founded upon women? Beginning at birth woman's hand is upon ours through life. In joy? She is there. In health? She is our companion. In sickness? It is her hand that smoothes our pillow and it is her loving fingers that close our eyelids when death allows us no longer to recognize her, and it is her heart that will ache the longest when we are gone. She was last at the Cross and last at the Tomb and she was the first to whom Jesus appeared after His Agony. And can we not trust her with the ballot? When we trust her with Life and Death, can she not help to steer our political

bark? With her our safety lies, not with this or that political platform, these are as Shakespeare says, "But tales told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Trust her with the ballot? God bless her! Yes! or with my respect, my love, my life, and all honor to the Great Church that reveres and loves the memory of the sweetest of all women, "The Virgin Mary."

X

THE CHURCH OF ST. GABRIEL.

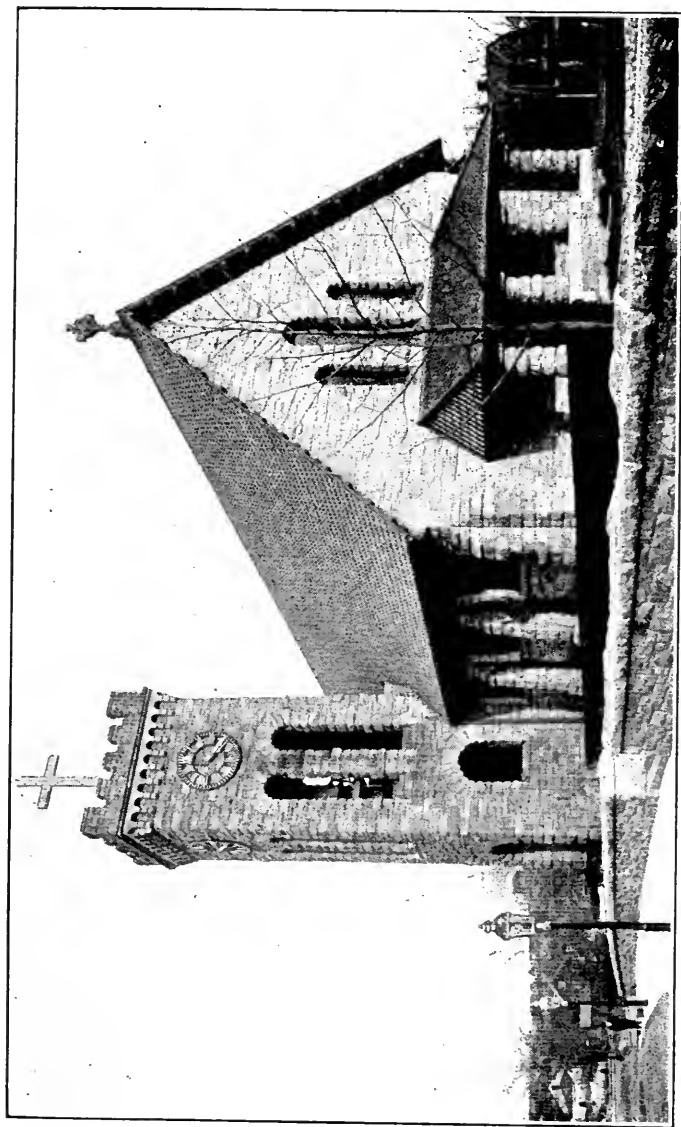
Far, far away across the water, in a little country bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, a beautiful song was once heard. No matter how many songs have been sung there since, or how many will be heard there in the future, this particular one will echo down the halls of time as long as the Dawn of the morning shall sing to the Day. As long as the golden canary shall trill to the sun, as long as the nightingale shall pour out her love-song to the stars, so long shall the splendid strains of the Magnificat stir the hearts of men and of angels. And as long as the Magnificat endures, so long shall the name of Gabriel be associated with it, for it was his voice, and his tidings, that caused the beautiful maiden called Mary, to break forth into this glorious song of praise and exultation.

And this utterance from a full heart came not from one belonging to the favored classes, not from among those who possessed power and riches, not from among those who were well fed and well clothed, but it came from one whose place was among the lowly, the cold, and the hungry. Pride availed not, the rich were passed by, the ambitious were not noticed, and the mighty were put down that she, who feared the Lord and gave herself to Him in the innocence of her youth, might be exalted. And before such innocence, absolute innocence of mind and body, the deepest dyed criminal bows down in abject fear. There is something so overpowering in the look of true innocence and purity, that sin and disease immediately recognize it and flee away in terror.

“Deposuit potentes

De sede, et exaltavit humiles.”

Yes, and He not only has put down, but is putting down, and shall put down, the mighty from their seat when they prove themselves unworthy, for the people, the lowly ones, who



THE CHURCH OF ST. GABRIEL

have stood abuse, and hunger, and cold, they are arising all over the land, and they shall continue to arise until the chains which have bound them shall be broken and they shall be free, physically and morally. And let each demagogue, each tyrant beware, lest when the people do arise, great shall be their fall. Where shall they hide when the people shall arise in their righteous wrath and take the things that have heretofore been denied them? St. Gabriel's stands like a beautiful nun dressed in gray, demure and sweet, amid the green trees, a lasting remembrance of the bright angel of glad tidings. The interior is not only exceedingly beautiful, but cosy and homelike as well, and as I stand and watch the shadows of the colors in the stained glass windows play upon the floor, I know that here, at any rate, is to be found peace and quietness as well as innocence and purity. That here can be found that trustfulness in the loving care of the Virgin Mary that carries so many safely through the troubles and vexations of this life. And as I stand, as

King Robert of Sicily stood (in that remarkable poem of Longfellow's) I, too, hear the priests chant the refrain, "He has exalted them of low degree."

Here in this church of St. Gabriel's the rich and the poor shall mingle their prayers, and the mighty and the lowly shall pour out the praise of their hearts. Here may the shafts of the morning light first strike, and here may the golden rays of the setting sun longest linger, and when I die, may it be Gabriel, the Beloved, the patron of this Church, who shall come to me to tell me that the doors of Death are about to be opened to me, that I may take my place in that great choir whose chorus shall ever be, "My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

XI

MASONIC TEMPLE.

There is a great deal said and written about goats. There is no doubt that all goats are much slandered, from those that roam the wilds of Harlem, to those drawn by Mr. Powers for the New York American, but the goats that have their home in the Masonic Temple, are the least understood by the public at large.

We often hear the expression, "You get my goat," but this is not the real thing. In the Temple a great many do really get the goat, and although there are not as many there as imagination might cause the outside world to believe, still, there are a good many, so called, who meet their friends there in an abrupt manner.

Now this subject of goats interests nearly everybody, for there is one night every two

weeks, anyway, that "father" does not work and that night he spends with the goat.

The Masonic Temple shelters many societies each of which has its own goat and although the goats are all fed on about the same principles, still, the way in which they expound those principles, is somewhat varied. These goats outsiders never get. The outsiders who become insiders, do get them, and they get them mostly on the outside.

The impression they make on these outsiders outside makes a lasting impression on their insides. The insiders watch those who are becoming insiders get the goats on the outside, and it makes a joyous impression on their insides. Those who get them on the outside, can sometimes tell that they are about to get them before they can see them, and sometimes they cannot see them no matter how close they may be to them. So much for the goats.

The Masonic Temple is a beautiful building. There is an appearance of strength and solidity about it, and an air of wisdom and

mystery hovers around it ; above all, however, it impresses the beholder with its look of secrecy. The main part of the edifice sets back, as it were, behind the massive columns in front, as if there was something it wished to conceal or protect from the gaze of a too inquisitive world. The building is in good company, too, for it is close to St. John's Church and to the Salem Baptist Church. It stands with them, so to speak, just as the societies it shelters stand with and help to hold up, the Christian religion, for Masonry, at any rate, is Religion's handmaid. Within the walls of this Temple men of all races and all creeds, the President, the ex-President, and the College Professor, meet upon the level, act by the plumb and part upon the square. Here the great words Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, have a real meaning. Here, as well as in the churches, we are taught the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. We are taught that Truth is about all, and that the soul of man is immortal.

Be not afraid, women of New Rochelle,

that when "father" goes to lodge he wastes his time, for it is as much for your good as his own, that he goes, and although there may be some things said and done there in lighter vein, these are only the by-products of the great objects of Fraternity. There, the members are taught Fortitude, that noble possession of the soul, that great virtue which enabled our ex-President to stand before an audience and finish his message to them while his life-blood ebbed away. And this is the one bright spot in an otherwise dark cloud of political turmoil and confusion. How delightful it is to enter a Temple such as ours, to leave the noisy and turbulent populace behind, and enter into the calm and quiet of the Sanctuary. And all the fuss and feathers of politics is so vain, too, for whether one or another is elected, Uncle Trusty will probably see that the price of pork and potatoes does not change materially.

But brotherly love, relief and truth, which are taught here, are they not worth while? And while the cares of Church and State

occupy many, we work, in the Temple, for the relief of the destitute and the welfare of the fatherless. There is no real war between secret societies and the Christian religion, for they are all founded upon the Holy Bible.

Let us be proud of our Masonic Temple and may we know, that although it shelters many secret societies, the secrets are not secrets that will ever do one single human being the least harm.

XII

AUTUMN IN HUDSON PARK.

I sometimes go down to Hudson Park in the morning, when the sun shines bright in the blue sky, and just sit tight and drink in the sunshine, as it filters down through the clear autumn air.

How beautiful it all is, and how quiet, for all the summer crowds have gone and only a few stragglers walk around over the rocks and sit upon the beach. Peace, "like to that which passeth all understanding," comes to me, and in imagination I feel Her hand on my shoulder, light and soft, like the hand of a tender maiden, and She whispers to me that "some time all the days will be like this." That anxiety and care, which now add to the unpleasant things of life, shall fade away, just as the morning mist fades from off Echo Bay, and that only love and sympathy will remain.

That envy and jealousy shall be destroyed and only the faith and trust of childhood's hour, will be permanent.

And the sunshine of His face shall flood the ether, just as the gold-dust of the sunshine sparkles in the morning air.

When Time itself shall be no more and we may go here and there at will, or swing lazily at anchor, just as the boats anchored here in the harbor, swing to and fro with the tides.

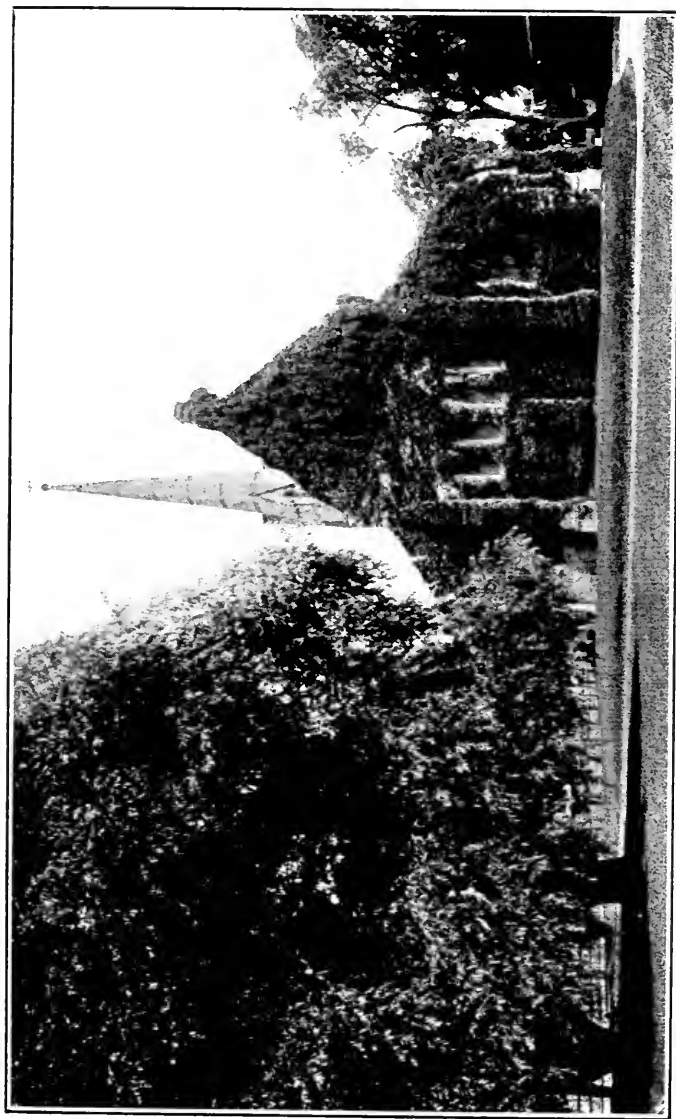
Hymns of praise shall spring unbidden to our lips for we shall, like the happy birds, burst involuntarily into song. It may be necessary for our future life that sorrow should tinge our earthly way with shadow, but There, it will be all unnecessary, and only joy will enter our existence.

And so, as I sit and drink in the beauty of the scene, the blue of the sky and the water, and the white of the clouds and the boats, I watch the water creeping, slowly but surely creeping towards me as the tide comes in; each little ripple coming just a little bit further than the one before it. Just so the days

of my life keep coming, coming, each one bringing nearer, just a little bit nearer, that other existence which I shall experience on the shores of Eternity. And so as I sit and dream with the white hand of Peace upon my shoulder, with the perfume of her presence, like the influence of a sweet and tender woman, around me, I know that there will be a future life. No amount of argument, no amount of unbelief in others could have a feather's weight with me against such a belief, for that is the one thing I am sure of. That we shall know each other there, that we shall be with those we love and with those who love us, and that all differences and doubts shall be done away with, of these things I am sure. So many proofs have come to me, during my life, of loving care and watchfulness that I know could not have come from anyone on earth, that I shall never doubt for the future.

The old ideas of a heaven of gold and silver and of a hell of fire and brimstone are passing away. Like dark clouds they have

obscured the real heaven, and as they roll away we find that heaven is a place where kindness and sympathy reign and the only hell there is, is the one we make by our mistakes. And as I stand at the water's edge looking out toward that other shore, but faintly outlined in the distance but which I know to be there, my soul stands peering out over the vast spaces of the infinite to those other shores, also but faintly outlined yet surely there, while Peace in her dulcet tones whispers in my ear, "Let not your heart be troubled." "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you."



TRINITY CHURCH

XIII

TRINITY CHURCH.

Dear, peaceful, Old Trinity, with its stained-glass windows through which the sunlight lazily filters, and its old bell, stained by the fingers of time, and yet highly honored with a place just under the pulpit.

Trinity, with its yard filled with the graves of the quiet dead, whose tombstones are also stained and weatherbeaten by time. Some are standing straight and some awry, showing us that they, like the sleepers below them, had hard work sometimes to keep upright. "Dearly beloved brethren, the scripture moveth us in sundry places." Dearly beloved brethren, both ye who are within the church and ye who are lying out there in the quiet churchyard (for they who have gone before can also hear the voice of love) the scripture moveth us. Yes, it moves us to gather here

in storm and in sunshine, in sorrow and in joy. Especially in sorrow, for "a broken and contrite heart, oh God thou wilt not despise." Oh, in sorrow when the heart is torn with anguish, when earthly friends seem distant and even the brightest day seems dark, in sorrow to lay our troubles at the foot of the cross, is a priceless privilege. No one can comfort like the unseen, but ever present, Spirit of the Most High. Ever when we seek we find that "The Lord is in His Holy Temple," tremble, oh Earth, and "Keep silent before Him." A great peace, a profound calm shall come over the troubled spirit who kneels at the altar and confesses its "manifold sins and wickedness." Remember, "all ye who pass by" that "from the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same His name shall be great."

If you can spare a few minutes from the hurry and confusion of Life to step into Old Trinity, do so and see how, in a few steps, you can pass from the busy mart of the city to the quiet and peace of the Temple where Time seems no longer to exist.

Dear Old Trinity, just over the border line of one of the greatest cities of the world. Just over the line from a great deal of paganism, of greed, of heartlessness, and of crime. Just out of sight of the Great White Way, yet here we honor our ancestors, we revere the Constitution they gave us, we adore the beautiful, we believe in the true, in our churches we still worship, and here the pure in heart still see God. Here the prayer of the unhappy queen, "Oh, God, make others great, but keep me innocent," is still repeated, and here we still look for "the resurrection of the dead and the life of the World to come."

XIV

REVERIES AT THE BAY.

A few days ago I took a small bundle of thoughts, tied them up with a pink ribbon, and went down to the edge of the bay to write. I looked around for a seat, but they had all been gathered in so that the snow and ice, which will be coming bye and bye, could not harm them, so I looked around for the soft side of a rock which I soon found.

When I had obtained a seat, I shook out my bundle of thoughts, but none of them seemed ready for use. I looked up to the trees and they were nearly bare of leaves, the rocks were bare and cold, the boats in the bay were mostly stripped of their outfits and even the men working about seemed rather bearish in their answers to a few questions I asked them. The bathhouse was bare, inside and outside, in fact the place was lonesome. I could hardly

bear it myself, and the ideas that I wanted would not come to me.

I looked out upon the water, and it was streaked with blue and white; it reminded me of the pork the son of Erin possessed. Someone asked Pat how he managed to feed his pigs so that their meat would run that way so nicely, and he said, "He fed them one week a whole lot, and the next week he did not feed them at all." Well, the water looked streaked, and, so to speak, oily and greasy, rather hypocritical like.

It is strange how deceitful the water can be, how innocent looking at times and yet if you trust yourself to it, it will finish your earthly journey very quick, and only take a couple of minutes to do the job. When you get in it, it clings to you and it seems to hold you back when you attempt to get out of it, as if it did not want to let you go.

Ah, treacherous water, so beautiful, so alluring at times and yet ready to take your life the minute you relax your watchfulness. And when you stand and watch it when it is

rough, it seems to jump at you in anger, like an ugly dog chained to a post, and it seems to rage and fume because it cannot quite reach you. And when you stand and look out over it at night when it is dark, a nameless horror seems to come up out of it and close around you, and you hurriedly seek again the lights and company you left. Not afraid, oh no, not at all, but somehow from out there in the deep the souls of those who have been lost there seem to be calling, calling to you, if not for you.

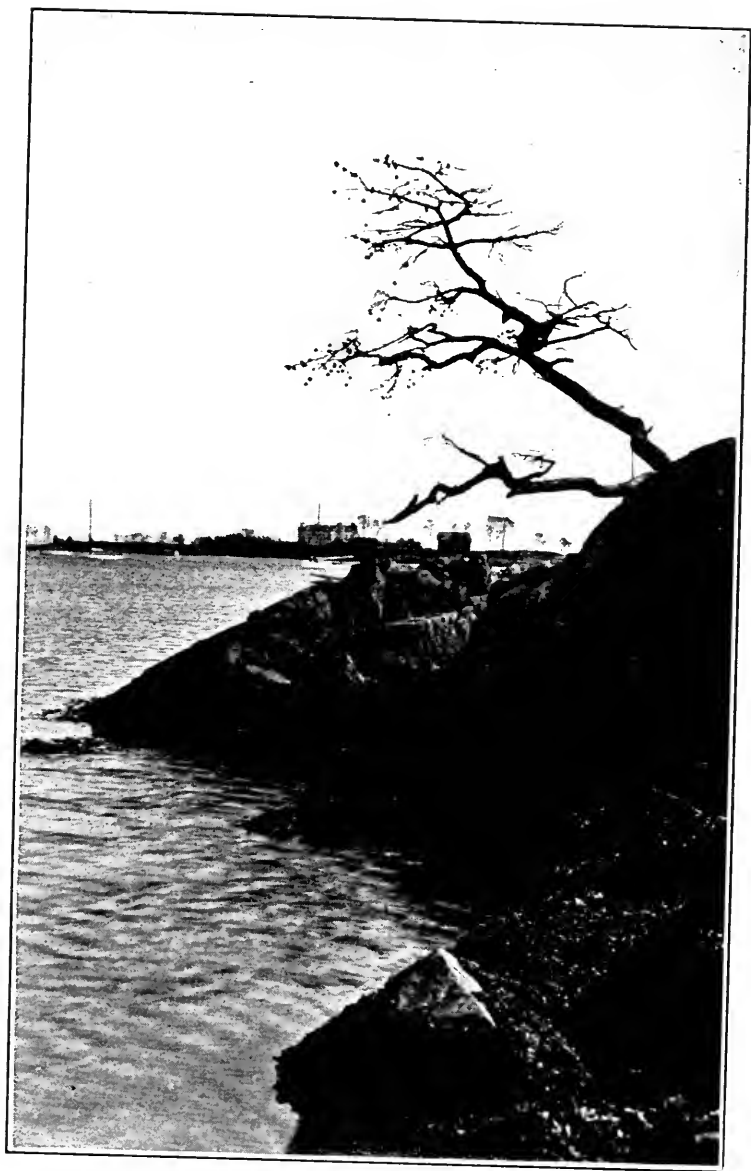
But still, above all this, there is in me, anyway, that wild love of the sea, a love of the tempest, of the shrieking of the cordage in the wind, and of the crackling of the masts, and it fills me with an exultation that nothing else can do. Most of my maternal ancestors were sea captains and loved to brave the storms at sea. I have heard my grandfather tell how he and his brothers would have to go out at night, when his father was ashore, and throw water against the side of the house so the old man could sleep. But to-day the

water is quiet and smooth, and its streak of white and streak of blue also remind me of the days of life, some quiet and restful and innocent, and others stormy and perilous and fraught with danger.

But if they were all alike how should we be aware of the good and the bad days? Would we not tire of the monotony, and is it not necessary for the making of good seamen that they encounter storms and rocks in their course?

So I sit and look out over the water and try to get together some ideas from my bundle of thoughts, but nothing much comes, so I roll them up again, tie them with a blue ribbon, crank up and chug my way noisily homeward.

And then when I get home I begin to feel ashamed of the way I have slandered the sea and there comes to my mind the remembrance of the beauty of the water, and I think of the waves playing with each other and tossing their crests high in air, of the beautiful colors in the drops as they glisten in the sunlight and



BONNEFOI POINT

of the lifegiving perfume of the spray. How clean and free from all taint the sea is. There out on the deep, on its restless bosom, is surcease from worry and care, a place where passions may be quenched and where the soul can commune with the great forces of nature and be restored to its pristine clearness and purity. Where beauty may be worshipped, for every minute a new Venus is born at the top of the wave, and where, like tired children, we may go for rest and peace and have health and happiness restored to us as we are "Rocked in the cradle of the Deep."



XV

MUSIC.

Last Sunday I attended service at two churches. In the morning I heard the choir sing in the North Avenue Presbyterian Church, and in the evening I listened to the double quartet at the Salem Baptist Church, and believe me I heard some music. I gathered in so much of it, that I can't hold it all, and so I am going to spill a little of it, transformed into prose, out on to the unsuspecting public, for it is just possible that there is some one who did not attend church at all on Sunday, and consequently did not hear any sacred music.

It is a great privilege to be able to go to church. Among all peoples we find some form of religious worship, and a gathering of people anywhere, for that purpose, may be called a church, whether in some particular place, or

building, or whether out of doors with only the blue sky for a roof. There is a crying need in each human heart for a place in which to worship God, safe from interference, and safe from the curiosity of those who are not in sympathy.

Of course God may be worshipped anywhere and at any time, but it makes a deeper impressions on our minds and in much more satisfactory, when we worship in a place set apart especially for that purpose, than it does when we worship in any other place.

The sermons we hear there, always edify and teach us, and not only teach us, but show us the way in which we ought to carry out those teachings, and of course they are the most important part of the service; nevertheless, they do not always put us in touch with Divine things. The services laid down by the Church for us to follow are a great help, and are necessary for our complete satisfaction and the well-rounding out of the whole, but where is the church that, no matter how per-

fect these portions of the service are, can get along without music.

The regular church services are very dear to all, the sermons are very necessary and instructive, and of course they are the meat, so to speak, of the whole, but music, oh, music at once puts us in touch with the divine.

It softens the hearts of all and draws the soul of each one upward, upward until it touches the great Oversoul of all things. It speaks to all nations, for it is the same in all languages. No race is so ignorant that some power of music is not understood among them, and no person is so hardened that music cannot soften his, or her, heart. It is the one thing held in common by all people, that tends to affect, in one way or another, the human soul.

The sermon and the ceremonials correspond to the study hour, while the music corresponds to the play hour, or the hour of prayer, as the case may be. So among those who understand its loving tones there is, is there not, a closer

fellowship, a finer sympathy, than among others? Are they not more sensitive than those who do not understand, and do they not respond to finer impressions than others do?

Music is almost the soul of sound, is it not, and may we not believe, that just as the choir in most churches is placed in the chancel near the minister, or priest, so will those who make up the great choir celestial be placed just a little bit nearer, "The great white throne" than the rest; just a little nearer Him whose face shall illumine the music they shall hold in their hands, and cause the notes they utter to swell into an anthem that shall be heard throughout the universe.

Many times have I seen an expression on the faces of singers, that I know would not be there if their souls were not raised above earthly things and in touch with "The greatest thing in the world," or out of it for that matter, "Unselfish Love," and I have seen in a great cathedral in New York City five thousand people kneeling, and in tears, while the beautiful voice of a singer, with tears in

her heart, offered her soul to God through the medium of her voice.

Music is inspiring, yes, and it may lift the human soul to great deeds of wisdom and purpose, but it seems sweetest to me when it comes quietly and gently, falling from the air just as the dew falls from heaven upon the flowers in the stillness of the starry night. When it comes as the words of mercy come to heal the wounded heart. When it comes as the tender voice of sympathy comes to the sorrowing spirit, and when it falls upon the ear like a benediction after prayer.



XVI

GIFTS AT CHRISTMAS.

Yes, the morning after the day before, the house may seem cold and cheerless and empty. Those who made merry, and were merry, the day before, may have gone, and only Mary may be up and around, perhaps, sweeping up the empty shells that found their way to the carpet. Shells that gave freely their all, to the Christmas feast, just as the home gave up its best to the merry-makers, and life has started to go on again just as before it had done. No, not just as before, for as we have made others happy, we have been made happy, or just as we have forgotten others, we may have been forgotten. If our hearts have been made to swell with generosity, or contract with greed, just so shall we be made better or worse for the season's deeds, and each Christmas tide makes us just a little bit more generous, or a little bit more miserly.

It is a beautiful custom to make merry on December 25th, to fill up the physical body with Turkey and Greece—I mean turkey and gravy,—for the turkey furnishes the fuel and the gravy oils the machinery and sets us going smoothly again; and a little wine, “for the stomach’s sake,” tends to set our wits a-sparkling and warms our blood, and gives us, temporarily at least, an added zest with which to enjoy the good things of life. It is a beautiful custom to hang up the mistletoe, even if the males of the party do not have the courage to honor the custom for which it is used, more’s the pity, and if they can make Mary stand still under it long enough, and do have the courage, what can send the warm blood dancing through her veins like a red-hot kiss from Tom, or Jerry, or Tom-and-Jerry. And shall we not make Mary a present on Christmas Day?

There is a society being formed, in the great city next door, for the purpose of doing away with Christmas giving; they say, “with useless Christmas giving,” but I am afraid it

will result in no giving at all; its only an excuse. No one need give costly presents if they do not want to, but just a remembrance, just enough to show that there is a generous impulse in that dry old heart, can do no harm. Just to show to others that you do not belong to the Old Scrooge class. Just to show that one human heart treasures a kindly thought for somebody else.

A generous thought really does expand the heart of the giver, and an added force sends the blood along its way. Whether the gift is thankfully received or not, has no bearing, whatever, on the matter. It has done the giver good, and it relaxes the tense nervous system of the man of affairs and he laughs to himself to think what a surprise he has on the recipient.

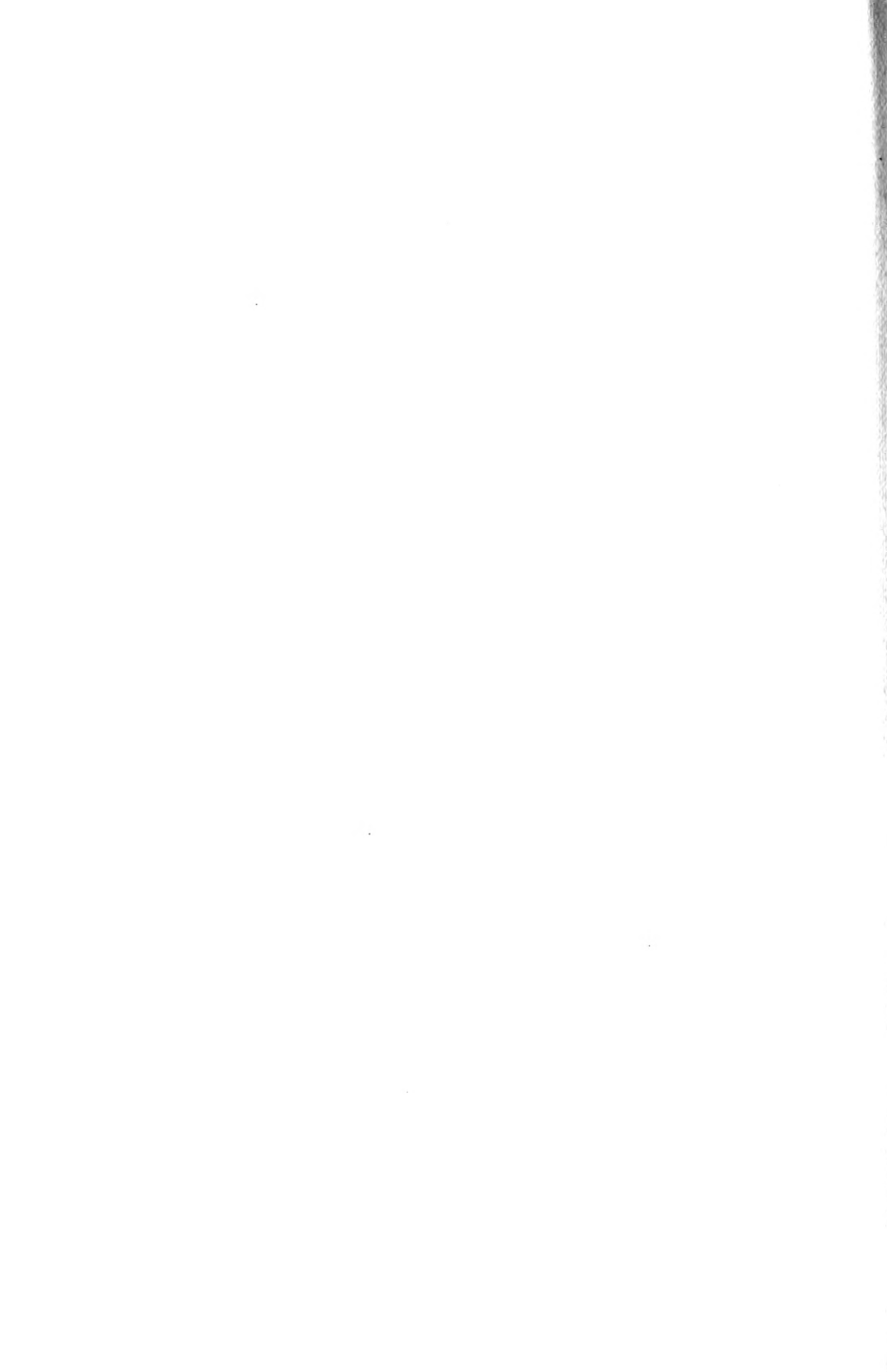
Just think of the empty little stockings hanging to the mantle, for there are many, many little ones whose hearts will beat heavily in their breasts, when they find that Santa Claus did not have time to call. Many motherless ones there are, who will look in

vain for just one little present. Many fatherless ones, who will never know what Christmas really means. Many lonesome ones, larger and older, who long for their sympathy of one thoughtful heart expressed in an inexpensive gift. Many who will look in vain for a remembrance from one they love, who has been too busy to remember, or who has joined a society,—God save the mark,—to do away with Christmas giving.

Oh, may we all allow the kindly impulses of our hearts to break through the crusts that keep them in during the rest of the year, and give each friend some little token at Christmas, for I believe there is in each heart a tender spot in which will arise sympathetic thoughts of others, if we only give them a chance. Just as under the crust of ice and snow on the earth, the violets are beginning to whisper to each other of the warm and gentle Springtime that is coming later on, so the sympathy under the crust of one heart calls to that under the crusts of others, and if a generous impulse springs from one bosom,

it shall call forth kindly impulses from others. There is a way to touch the hardest heart and a sympathetic word, or act, may break the crust of years, and even tears may rise to the eyes of those hearts which have been hardened by the sin and selfishness of a cold and unfeeling world.

God pity those in whose breasts arise no generous impulses, no desire to give to others, but only a desire to receive, for there is more pleasure in giving than in receiving, after all. Then let us give something, at least to those we love, e'er warm, vivid life is over and the cold hand of death has gripped our hearts, or their hearts, in a tighter clasp than selfishness, and then, not the "ghost of Christmas present," but the ghosts of Christmas presents, will come back to us in kindly words, or deeds, when we least expect it, from some lonely hearts that we have remembered to cherish.



XVII

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

Yes, the Play was exceptionally fine.

The author and the actors, the stage-manager and the scene-painters, all conspired to extract from the audience the highest amount of praise, and it was generously given. Of course, as most of the plays do, it brought out what purported to be, "great moral lessons," but as I looked at the changing scenes, I saw that, after all, its great object was to bring out in its many varieties, human love. First, there was the mother love. The love of the mother for her first and only child, bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh, yes, and soul of her soul.

Then came the love of the father for his child, a reflection of the great love which he had for the mother, and as he looks upon his boy he sees in him the image of the mother when she was young and beautiful.

Then appears the snake in this garden of Eden, envy. It has its seat in the hearts of the older brothers because of the partiality shown to the youngest and best loved child. Then comes the love of a strong souled passionate woman, an overpowering desire for the love of youth and strength. But love cannot compel love, and this longing was destined to be unsatisfied. To what heights may warm, throbbing, human love, not carry us when it is rightly directed and rightly requited, and the children born of such unions, how great may they not become, aye, masters of men, head and shoulders above other mortals, for they are born with the strength and vigor of great human passions, through which we attain the divine.

But when such love is unrequited, it may bring to the one who harbors it, as well as to the one who is its object, death; for jealousy, that monster of the passions, may turn love to hate and hate to murder. Those who cherish it, may be consumed by it as by a scorching fire, and all those around them

may be made unhappy. And to think that often the suspicious ones have no ground whatever for their thoughts, and that the victims may be entirely innocent. Then there was the tender love of the gentle maiden, who was willing to sacrifice herself that her lover might be made happy; and this is the highest type of love, and the scarcest, and from such mothers come the great ones, not of the earth, but of heaven. Then came the love of the dainty maiden, who with gleaming limbs and twinkling toes, dances right into the hearts of the spectators; just as a butterfly flits from flower to flower and sips a little honey here and a little there, and who joys in the sunshine of life, and who either knows not yet real love, or who hides under a cheerful manner, a breaking heart.

Love makes its votaries suffer, be they high or low, rich or poor. Whether their love be pure or impure, mild or gentle, or wild and passionate. And they who have really loved, have entered into a kingdom, a kingdom, not of this world, which makes them different

from other mortals, whether their love be requited or not.

Whether love carries the worshippers upward or downward, whether it makes them free or confines them in a cage where they die beating their wings against the gilded bars, love makes a greater change in them than everything else in the world combined. We cannot tell, sometimes, until we try, whether affection in any one case will last, but we do know that it can last until Time shall be no more and the sands of the desert shall no more be whirled by the wind through trackless ether.

Love does, sometimes, seem to make sport of its human plaything, and it is sometimes entirely out of our control. Though we may have some power over the details of life, Destiny shapes the beginning and the ending, and presides over the greater events, and from its mandates, there is no escape. There is no such thing as free human will, or free human choice, for the choice we make and the thing we do, is influenced by the hundreds and thousands

of years through which we have passed as a family, or as a nation, or as a race; and our environment and our studies, also, help to mold our minds.

And then comes the last act of the Play, and here we see the fraternal love which has at last displaced envy and jealousy. And Joseph tells his brethren that it was not their doings, at all, which caused these things to come to pass, but it was God working through them all for the accomplishment of great works. And it was God, also, who made Potiphar's wife as well as the brethren of Joseph. But the Play is ended, the curtain is down and we go out into the business of life, where the men and women are only actors upon a larger stage and in a more fateful play.

XVIII

YOUTH AND BEAUTY.

If you look close enough, you may find my text in the first verse, of the first chapter, of the book accorded to Pharaoh, "Never lose an opportunity to see anything beautiful, for beauty is God's handwriting." So when I received an invitation to attend a classical dance matinee, I accepted it with great joy, and if you will bear with me awhile, I will take the opportunity to bring before you some thoughts respecting youth and beauty and grace, which were so charmingly brought to my attention by the dancing of Violet Romer, whose name really should have been Rose, for that flower is much more typical of her.

There is nothing so much regretted, by the older ones among us, as the loss of our youth, and as the loss of youth with most people

means the loss of a certain amount of beauty, the loss of youth is doubly crushing. We are all deeply impressed by youth and beauty when we see them in others, and their power over all kinds and classes of men and women is absolute and irresistible; so as I sat and viewed the charming gyrations of the dainty dancer, I wished even as you might have wished, to be once more, young and beautiful and graceful. We speak of the beauty of music and the beauty of motion just as we speak of a beautiful landscape, a beautiful sunset, a beautiful picture, a beautiful statue, or a beautiful woman; so we see that beauty is not confined to any especial person or thing. It may be in something pleasing to the eye, or to the ear, or to any of the other senses, and not to the senses wholly but also to that other, that mysterious part of us, who sits within our minds in awful sovereignty. So in this accomplishment of dancing the beauty in the music, which ordinarily is only understood by means of the ear, is made plain to the sight, also, and the joyousness of the

Valse, the yearning wistfulness of the Andante, and the mischievousness of the Hamadryad, becomes plain to all.

It is seldom, however, that any particular person or thing is beautiful in all its parts. There is nearly always some part, or parts, not as perfect as the rest. Artists tell me that often a number of women must serve as models during the painting of one female figure, as one will be perfect in one part and another in another part, and so on. It does seem as if we were not to reach absolute perfection in anything, on this earth. I know that there have been painters who have taken years to imitate the beauty of one human form, and there have been sculptors who have taken a lifetime to release from a rough block of marble, one almost perfect figure, and in this work of dancing, it takes a long, long time, to make fit, the one who becomes accomplished in it. To be successful in its highest meaning, a person must first love the work in which they are engaged, and if we notice closely we shall find that the highest types of

the artist's labors have been brought forth when there was present love for the model as well as for the work, for only love can see all the beauties that are present; for love can draw out, as nothing else can do, the beauties of form and feature. Only the lover sees in his mistress all of the charms which nature sometimes seems to try to hide lest their beauty may be too overpowering for unaccustomed eyes to behold, or unsympathetic spirits to know.

And in women beauty reaches her height. The waving cypress may be beautiful, but woman's silky hair puts the cypress to shame. The blue of the ocean is deep, but deeper far and yet more blue, is the color in those twin lakes through which her spirit looks out upon us, for the distance from which it looks, is Eternity. The petals of the rose are soft and delicate; but softer far and yet more sensitive are her lips in their dewy freshness, and the perfume of her presence is greater than the scent of attar of roses.

And so as I watched the dancer with the

rose, I thought of old Omar and how he said,
"And then came Spring and rose in hand.

My threadbare penitence apiece tore."

Penitence, yes, but not penitence for loving either the rose or the one who bore it, for he knew that God made both. Much too long indeed have we been kept under the dark cloud of cant. Much too long have we been taught that the human body was shameful and sinful and that to save the soul we must keep out of sight the body, which was made by God, as well as the soul. It is important that the body should be well taken care of and kept clean and pure, for it is the home, for the time being, of the soul, and a soul cannot be healthy in an unhealthy body any more than a mind can be kept pure in an impure body. God made both and knew when He made them the needs and desires of both. Yes, we have been taught by hypocrites and mummies to be ashamed of our bodies, but God be thanked we are coming into a new era, in which, along with votes for women and justice for children, we shall be allowed to study,

without reproach, the beautiful, for the beautiful is the good.

And after all no body can be beautiful without a beautiful soul in it, and Beauty, or perfection, for they are the same, compels us to worship, and not with selfishness, but with awe and reverence.

If the dear people who are calling just at present so loudly for eugenics, would only stop to think, they would know that the surest way of making a race stronger and more beautiful is to show to its future fathers and mothers the most beautiful pictures and the most perfect statues we possess, and, yes, the most perfect human bodies we know of, and keep out of sight the ugly and the deformed and the vile, for they, having become acquainted with these forms which are as near perfect as we can expect on this earth, will never waste a second glance upon the distorted or imperfect. The best way to do, is to do away with all imperfections, to not talk about, or look at, or listen to them. Some-

time we hope to attain absolute perfection somewhere. And that word "hope."

In her beautiful dance of Pandora, the dancer found Hope at the bottom of the box, and so may we if all else fails yet be buoyed up by Hope. And may we know that through the worship of beautiful bodies, we are brought to the worship of beautiful souls, and that beautiful bodies and beautiful souls are, after all, only those which are perfect, and that the perfect is the good.



XIX

EASTER THOUGHTS.

Easter, as we call it, has again come and gone, but still, the perfume of its flowers and the incense that we offered, haunts us. Christ has again arisen amid songs of praise and tears of joy, and we have had a glimpse, just a glimpse of that fairer world to which He went. We have had a breath of that purer air, wafted to us from the other side of those gates of Death, which, for an instant, were opened to let Him through. We have had just a fleeting impression of those beauties which "no mortal man can look upon and live." Of course, we all believe that Christ arose from the dead, and we all believe that we, too, shall arise from the dead as He did. For are we not all children of the selfsame God, and have we not also trod, in pain, the paths He followed?

It is fitting, then, that at Easter time we should look forward to another home beyond. Beyond that "valley of the shadow," and it is proper that we offer up, as incense, the best thoughts we have in us, and the most beautiful music we know. Just as the flowers offer up to Him who gave them their dress, their sweetest perfume, and bare to Him their souls of spotless white. We can do no less than the flowers; and we should try to restore our souls as near as possible to their pristine purity, and clear them of all evil. Should we not take this time to open the doors of our hearts just a little bit, at any rate, to our friends, that they may catch just a glimpse, just a breath, to show them that we really, in our inmost thoughts, do love and cherish them?

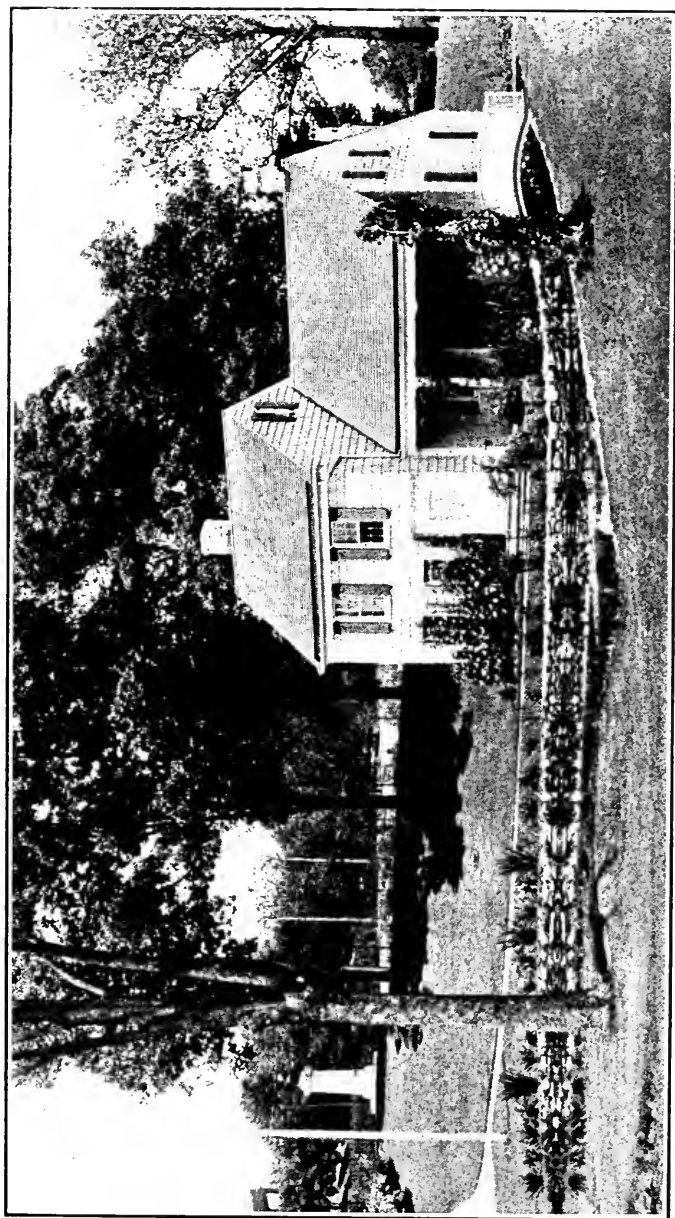
Yes, as we praise Him who, in His goodness, cares for us, let us bare to Him our inmost thoughts and desires, and thank Him who drank for us the bitter cup, that we might do for each other that which He did for us. Let us, therefore, send greetings to

those we love, and show them just enough of our hearts to convince them that we are sincere, and mean to be kind and sympathetic. And we shall find that there will be an answer from each one to whom we send a greeting.

Just a hand clasp, or a word, may show to another that we are sympathetic and drive out from his mind all uncertainty and doubt. And when the curtains are again drawn the thought remains, that there is one friend, at least, who cares. We are all sensitive and in our hearts we hide many little graves of dead hopes, of bitter disappointments and of cherished things we have loved, and which only the resurrection of love can bring back to us.

And so, at this Eastertime, as we celebrate again the ascension of Christ in all its beauty, let us take a fresh hold upon our old belief in Him and in ourselves. As He rose and is awaiting, in a fairer clime, those who love Him; as He awaits those who suffer and who die, let us remember that only those who have suffered can really sympathize, can really be kind. Let us purify our souls to make them

fit places for truth and sincerity to dwell, remembering that the soul, only, goes beyond, that the body remains as the worn and useless husk which returns to the earth as it was.



TOM PAINE'S HOUSE

XX

TOM PAINE.

So you want to see the Tom Paine house? Well, come with me and I will show it to you. You see it stands in a beautiful spot at the foot of a hill, close to a little lake, which nestles in the hollow surrounded by hills, like a diamond mirror in an emerald frame.

It is an old weather beaten cottage with old-fashioned shutters. Close by it, stands the old schoolhouse, where children of a by-gone age were taught to read, write and spell.

Let us enter the old house. On every side we see evidences of times long past, and a peculiar awe steals over us, as if we were in the presence of the unknown. Here is a cane General Jackson used to carry. It is large and heavy, knotted and gnarled; in fact it is just as typical of him as is this other one of the man who carried it. This other one is straight

and slender. It has an ivory top, in fact it looks as if it had belonged to a gentleman; it has belonged to a gentleman; it is the cane Henry Clay owned. There, are a lot of old coins and some old Indian relics, and the furniture is old-fashioned and so are the carpets.

Sh! I thought I heard a footfall in the next room!

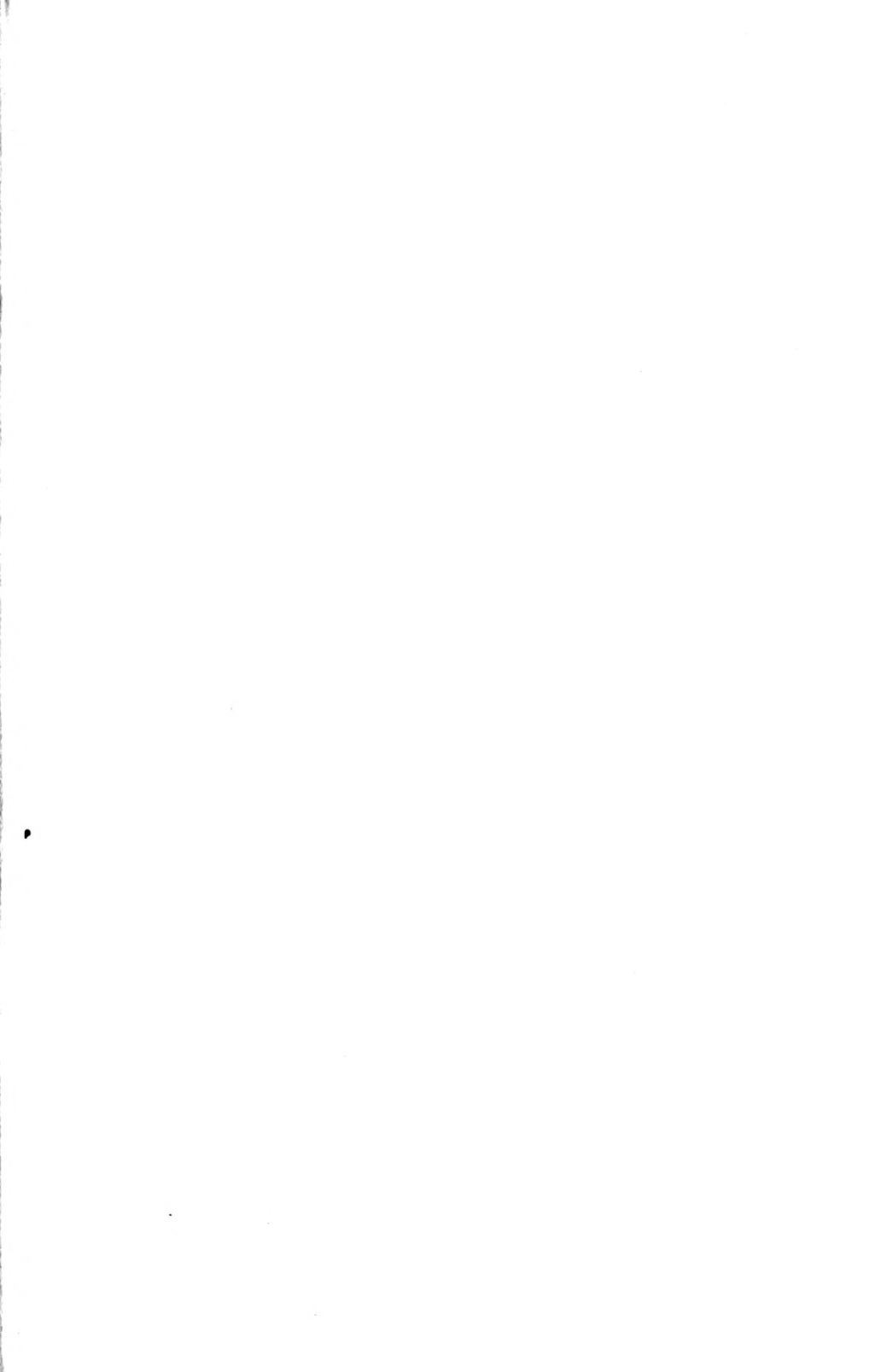
Let's look and see who is there. Why, there's no one! This is the sittingroom. What are you jumping at? Are you afraid? Its nothing but the creaking of the floor; floors always do that in an old house. (I'll swear I saw that rocking chair move.) Now let's go up the stairs. How narrow and steep they are. What did you say? You didn't say anything? I thought you spoke. What queer little rooms, and what a funny old bedstead that is. I do believe there is somebody in this house. I certainly hear someone talking. Don't hold my hand so tight. Yes, I'm getting nervous myself. Open that door, gently now; yes, there is a man there. Hush! he is talking!

“When it shall be said in any country, ‘My poor are happy; neither ignorance nor distress is to be found among them; my jails are empty of prisoners, my streets of beggars; the aged are not in want, the taxes are not oppressive; the rational world is my friend because I am a friend of its happiness.’ When these things can be said, then may that country boast of its constitution and its government.”

Why, that’s Mr. Paine himself. Don’t disturb him, but let us go quietly down stairs and he will not know that we heard him. And then when we get out of doors again the spell is broken, and we know that we are living in the 20th century, and that what we thought was Thomas Paine, was only a waxen image; and that the lips that gave utterance to the immortal thoughts just quoted, have been cold in death for a hundred years; and that even the place in which they repose is unknown. The soul of Thomas Paine was swept by turbulent passions. Faults? Of course, who does not have them, but his did him more harm

than they did any one else. To-day his intellectual greatness is alone remembered, his faults have been forgotten. Philosophy did much for Thomas Paine as it did for Thomas Jefferson; but it did not go far enough. The solace of philosophy is insufficient. Only a belief in the teachings of Christ can enable a man to "drink that darker drink" and lie down upon his couch in peace, to die.

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